Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee; life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fathers curſſe; pierce euery ſence about the old fond eyes; beweepe this cauſe againe, ile pluck you out, & ~~you~~ caſt, with the waters that you make to temper clay: yea, i'ſt come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kind and comfortable, when ſhee ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flea thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt find that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come ſir no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho. *Oſwald.* Here Madam,

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome compàny, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more; get you gon, & haſten your returne: now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes, and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more taskt for want of wiſedome, then praiſ'd for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell; ſtriuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloſter* with theſe letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you.

Kent.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord letter.

Foole. If a mans braines where ger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, t

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daugh though ſhees as like this, as a crab i I can tel.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tel

Foole. Sheel taſt as like this, a canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtand

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes o a man cannot ſmell out, a may ſpi

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſte

Foole. Nor I neither, but I can

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in daughter, and leaue his hornes wi

Lear. I will forget my nature, readie?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone abo ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeu

Lear. Becauſe they are not eig

Foole. Yes thou wouldſt make

Lear. To tak't againe perforce

Fool. If thou wert my foole Nu being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſwee keepe me in temper, I would not

Seruant. Readie my Lord.

Foole. Shee that is maide now, Shall not be a maide long, except

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